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The reference to England's hypocritical conduct during our War of the Rebellion was fitting, and adroitly done. But beyond all, and above all, were those candid, true words: "Neutral? Yes, in the name of the nation, but not in our heart of hearts." Like all your letters, it is complete, exhaustive, and will help to correct and establish a better state of feeling between the two nations.

Incidentally, I wish, as one of the common people, to say that THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW is a very important factor in our nation. Like your friend from Georgia, I wish that "the bounteous storehouse of knowledge of THE REVIEW could fill the news-stands of our country, instead of the inferior periodicals of fiction and romance." I rejoice that for a hundred years its stalwart influence for the right has blessed our people.

Please pardon this letter from an old man whose next birthday will be his ninety-second.

Seventy years ago I first read THE REVIEW, and have read it at intervals since. I have several volumes, and prize them highly. It stands at the head of literature in this country. May God bless and keep it for all time as an organ for the improvement and exaltation of man.

J. S. BOIES.

VILLISCA, IOWA.

THE GREATEST OF WORLD'S FAIRS

SIR,—I always read your editorials with the greatest of pleasure. Needless to say, I was not exactly pleased with the last one on page thirty-two of the April number. It is not right for a magazine with so large a circulation as yours to put such a slight on the World Exposition now being held at our gates. Just to see the artistic groupings of trees and shrubs, the wondrous beauty of the hundreds of thousands of flowers, and, more than all, the wonderful harmony of color, is alone worth a trip across the continent. I am not even speaking of the buildings, on which \$50,000,000 has been expended, or of the exhibits, which represent \$300,000,000 more. They speak for themselves. I have already been forty-three times, and I have not seen one-fourth of its beauties yet. I have traveled the world over, and never have I seen any one thing so beautiful as the Fine Arts Building at night, with its trees, its statuary, its coloring, its architecture, all reflected in its lagoon, and each part brought out in relief by the wonderful lighting effects. Pity unto you and all who may not have an opportunity of visiting this beauty-spot during the brief ten months of its existence!

A SUBSCRIBER.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

[We meant no slight upon the great exposition. Everybody who has seen it says that it is the most artistic and impressive ever made by mortals. The whole United States should go.—EDITOR.]

A STATESMAN-LIKE UTTERANCE

SIR,—I have just finished reading "A Letter to *The Times*" in the March edition of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, and want to congratulate you from the bottom of my heart. Statesman-like in its utterance, profound in its

reasoning, and so fair and impartial in its deductions, it will live for centuries to come, and your name with it.

Would that every man, woman, and child in this great country of ours could "read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest" what you have written!

I am so heartily in accord with all you say, and under such deep obligation to you for saying what has all the time been in my own mind, but without the power to express it, that I simply can't resist writing you; and I wish you godspeed in the noble work that you are doing.

I hope some day to have the pleasure of meeting you personally and thanking you for what you have done.

S. L. SHOBER.

COLORADO SPRINGS, COLO.

FROM A FRIENDLY DEBTOR

SIR,—Your advice of the expiration of my subscription, and inquiry as to my desire of renewal, received to-day. In reply I beg to say that I have already shown my appreciation of *THE REVIEW* by a yearly subscription through an agency.

Will you not allow me to thank you for the many delightful hours of most pleasant as well as instructive reading your pages have afforded me. I would not now do without *THE REVIEW*. The contributions by the editor alone are worth the price of subscription. Please continue to make us your debtors.

B. H. LASTROPE.

NAPOLÉONVILLE, LA.

A POET'S EXCESSIVE ASSURANCE

SIR,—Allow me, along with so many others, to congratulate you on the one-hundredth birthday of *THE REVIEW*.

My father and grandfather read it, my "uncles, aunts, and cousins" read it, and I always read it and think it grows better and better.

I beg to differ with my fellow-townsmen, O. S. Pulliam, in his estimate of William Watson's poem, and of your reply to the same. I allow the poem some literary merit, but I think your reply the best ever. Nothing but sarcasm could answer what I call Mr. Watson's excessive assurance.

MRS. J. R. CRAIG.

PITTSBURG, PA.

DANTE AND "THE REVIEW"

SIR,—*THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW* was a pioneer, in this country, in arousing interest in Dante at a time when, outside of Italy, the greatest poet of all ages was unknown, misunderstood, or even scorned. In this year of *THE NORTH AMERICAN*'s centennial, which happens to be the year also of the six-hundred-and-fiftieth anniversary of Dante's birth, it is interesting to look back over the articles about Dante printed in your magazine during the last century.

In March, 1819, attention was called to the appearance of Cary's translation of *The Divine Comedy* as opening a new era of Dante study among English-